

sits by the roadside, lazily watching a group of merry school children trooping by. Wild-eyed and with froth streaming from bloody jaws, a mad dog comes snapping in frenzied rage down the dusty path, straight toward the group of helpless little ones. A hero in rags is born into stalwart life and closes in a life and death struggle with the rabid brute.

This wonderful, intangible power which may exist unsuspected in men's lives, from the cradle to the grave, is an element which the wisest teachings, the most careful planning, the most guarded training cannot annihilate, and is perhaps the most effective argument which can be advanced in proof of the infallibility of Kismet.

There are hundreds of stockmen throughout the State who do not like the "Phillipony" experiment.

Opening of the Elk Building.

On Monday evening, July 28th, the palatial new home of the Elks was thrown open to welcome its host of friends and the stranger in the city, who gathered within the elegantly decorated rooms to witness the dedicatory ceremonies incident to the formal opening of the beautiful edifice. Three hundred and fifty members of the B. P. O. E. took part in the exercises and subsequent festivities, among whom were visiting brothers from Eastern and Western lodges, and from basement to roof the beautifully decorated rooms were ablaze with electric lights, laden with the sweet breath of multi colored flowers and flaming with life and laughter, from the brilliant assembly of knights and elegantly gowned ladies.

The programme opened with a triumphal march by the Twelfth infantry, United States band, and the opening ode by the members of the lodge. The ritualistic dedicatory ceremonies followed. "The Grand Old Ocean" was rendered by T. S. Ashworth, Fred C. Graham, John Robinson and J. W. Squires. Mr. Ashworth rendered a tenor solo, "Without Thee," and the band played the Coronation hymn. "Friends" was the title of a baritone solo by H. S. Goddard, which was followed by ritualistic work, and Fred C. Graham rendered the solo, "Dreams."

Past Exalted Ruler Lester D. Freed delivered the address of the evening. He reviewed the formation and growth of Salt Lake lodge No. 85, B. P. O. E., and the work which has made the clubhouse a reality.

The closing ode was rendered by the lodge and the benediction pronounced by Chaplain John P. Meakin.

The Elks and their friends then repaired to the charmingly decorated banquet room, where refreshments were served.

Life membership cards were presented to W. P. Lynn and E. D. R. Thompson, of the building committee, as slight tokens of recognition of their unceasing labors on behalf of the building fund.

Following are the committees which took part in the dedication:

Dedicatory—Dr. William F. Beer, chairman; C. H. Brink, A. L. Jacobs, J. D. Hagman, H. A. Leipsiger.

Building—W. P. Lynn, chairman; E. D. R. Thompson, C. O. Ellingwood, Fred A. Hale, L. G. Ranshoff, L. F. Harr, L. D. Freed, C. S. Ford, B. F. Redman.

Ushers—Dr. K. C. Park, chief usher; Dr. E. D. Hammond, Fred C. Dern, Louis E. Kahn, E. C. Freed, M. M. Miles, C. W. Pratt.

Reception Committee—Mrs. H. E. Deardorff, Mrs. William F. Beer, Mrs. Walter Frazer, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Mrs. Benia May Fiehr.

Judging by the enthusiasm and good fellowship, as well as hearty co-operation, existant among the antlered association, there is no doubt of the complete success of the coming convention of Elks in Salt Lake City.

Doin's Politically.

Chairman Christensen announced his executive committee during the week as follows: P. P. Christensen, chairman; R. S. Campbell, Clarence E. Allen, Hoyt Sherman, Frank T. Hines and D. H. Wenger of Salt Lake; John C. Graham of Provo, W. D. Livingston of Sanpete county, Joseph A. Smith of Cache, George M. Hanson of Weber and Tom Pitt of Box Elder. One by one how do they stand in regard to the machine? With the doubts it is about an even break—Kearns and anti-Kearns. R. S. Campbell you never know till it's over, and it's doubtful if he knows till the critical time. Clarence E. Allen and Hoyt Sherman are, of course, anti-Kearns, but Frank D. Hines is strong for the Senator. D. H. Wenger is not. John C. Graham is a Smoot man, and whether that means Kearns or not remains to be seen. Joe Smith of Cache is doubtful, and also Tom Pitt of Box Elder. Insiders have told us that one George M. Hanson is anti-Kearns. We did not take the trouble to verify it, but George will probably not dispute the assertion. All in all, it is a strong committee.

There are liable to be one or two changes in the personnel, however, as two of the members have signified their intention of withdrawing.

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The scene around Republican headquarters in the Central block is not very animated as yet, but the weather is still hot, and there is no need for particular activity except among the candidates.

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The country papers are beginning on the curtain-raisers for the sizzling drama to be played on the political platform this fall. The Richfield Reaper says: "It would be well for the Salt Lake Tribune to think over this from the Binghamton (N. Y.) Evening Herald:

"The surest way for an editor to destroy the influence of the columns of his paper is for him to get into politics behind some faction in partnership with some boss or for himself. The people who read newspapers are not fools. They know, as a rule, whether the paper they read is independent or owned by politicians. They are prepared to think that when an editor gets into politics they must look in the other man's paper for the truth—and all of it—about politics. There is not an influential newspaper in the country today that is owned by politicians. There are some successful ones in a financial way, but financial success, while of very great importance to the newspaper-maker, is really not the most valuable attainment in the eyes of a rightly constituted newspaper man.

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Bishop O. F. Whitney and Albert J. Seare are the only Democratic contests for the nomination for the office of County Clerk, at the hands of the Democrats. The right to the nomination from the Republicans is as yet undisputed, John James seemingly having the right of way.

There will be some motor-paced riding in the final heat.

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The plans for the Young Men's Republican club day at Lagoon next Saturday are completed, and from all indications the excursion will be a great success.

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The brutal Democrats are going to run Barnes (Arthur F.) for the Legislature.

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Noble Warrum, the new head of the Democratic county committee, is well and favorably known in Utah politics, and Tom Homer—well, everybody likes Tom. Poor fellow, he tried to run from the thankless duty, but they grabbed him and pulled him back in the tall grass. z

The Death Vine.

By W. J. Lee.

The Dos Hermanos, a clumsy, side-wheel river steamer, swung clear of the old dock at Livingston, Guatemala, and headed for the mouth of the Dulce river, a sluggish stream having its headwaters in the mountains of Central Guatemala, and emptying its black waters into the bay of Honduras at the foot of the promontory on which lies the thatched-roof town of Livingston.

Among the passengers who were making their way into the interior of the country was a young, broad-shouldered American, clad in kakai, a field glass swung over his shoulder, as he stood on the upper deck of the little steamer going westward across the bay toward the clear blue waters of the Caribbean sea. His initials stamped on the case of his field glass were a plain F. F., underneath which was the stamped outline of a star. Frank Fergus was foreign correspondent of the New York Star, and had just arrived from New Orleans en route to the old city of Antigua, east of Guatemala City, where he proposed writing up the ancient ruins of missions established in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Jesuits.

The boat on which he had embarked ran between Livingston and Ysabel, something over one hundred miles up the Dulce river.

There was but little of interest in the long, tedious trip save massive growths of mahogany and palm trees on either bank of the river, among the branches of which chattered and frolicked myriads of wrinkled-faced monkeys, while the morning and evening air was made discordant with the chattering and shrieking of countless parrots and paroquettes. Every few moments the ugly log-like back of a monstrous alligator would bob up alongside the puffing boat, and then sink noiselessly beneath the black waters.

Frank had taken out his note book and was busily engaged in jotting down items of interest which he had picked up in Livingston, when his attention was called to a commotion near the bow of the little steamer, then a yell followed by a heavy fall started him to his feet. He hurried forward toward the scene of the disturbance and found that the mate of the vessel had discovered a little wizen-faced Meztizo stowaway had taken free passage on the boat, and was trying to make his way to Ysabel. When Frank arrived on the scene he found the mate giving the stowaway a vigorous drubbing, winding it up with a threat to throw him overboard, and just as he was about putting the threat into execution, the newspaper correspondent stepped forward and drawing the mate to one side, asked what he would release the badly frightened fellow for and allow him to go on to his destination. The mate hesitated a moment, and then with a grim smile said, "Well, young feller, if you want to do the charity act, just fork over four pesos and the little cuss can take deck passage to Ysabel." As this sum amounted to but \$2 in American coin, Frank at once handed it over to the mate, who after pocketing it turned to the Meztizo and said: "Your bacon is saved this time, greaser, git for'd there an' don't let me catch you aft 'till we get to Ysabel."

The badly-frightened half-breed turned to Frank with expressions of gratitude, conveyed rapidly but evidently with great sincerity in Spanish, which the newspaper man understood thoroughly, begging his excellency to let him be his slave for life. Frank laughed at the poor fellow's grandiloquent expressions of gratitude, little thinking that the time was not far distant when every promise made by the humble fellow would be paid in coin more precious than gold. As he turned to resume his seat near the stern of the steamer a thought came into his mind which caused him to turn again to the Meztizo, saying: "Look here, my boy, are you familiar with the trail leading from Ysabel to Guatemala City?"

"Si, senor, si; I know every foot of the way."

"Well, then," said Frank, after a moment's